

THE WILLIES GET RID OF THEIR IRON CROSSES: CARTOON

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,484.

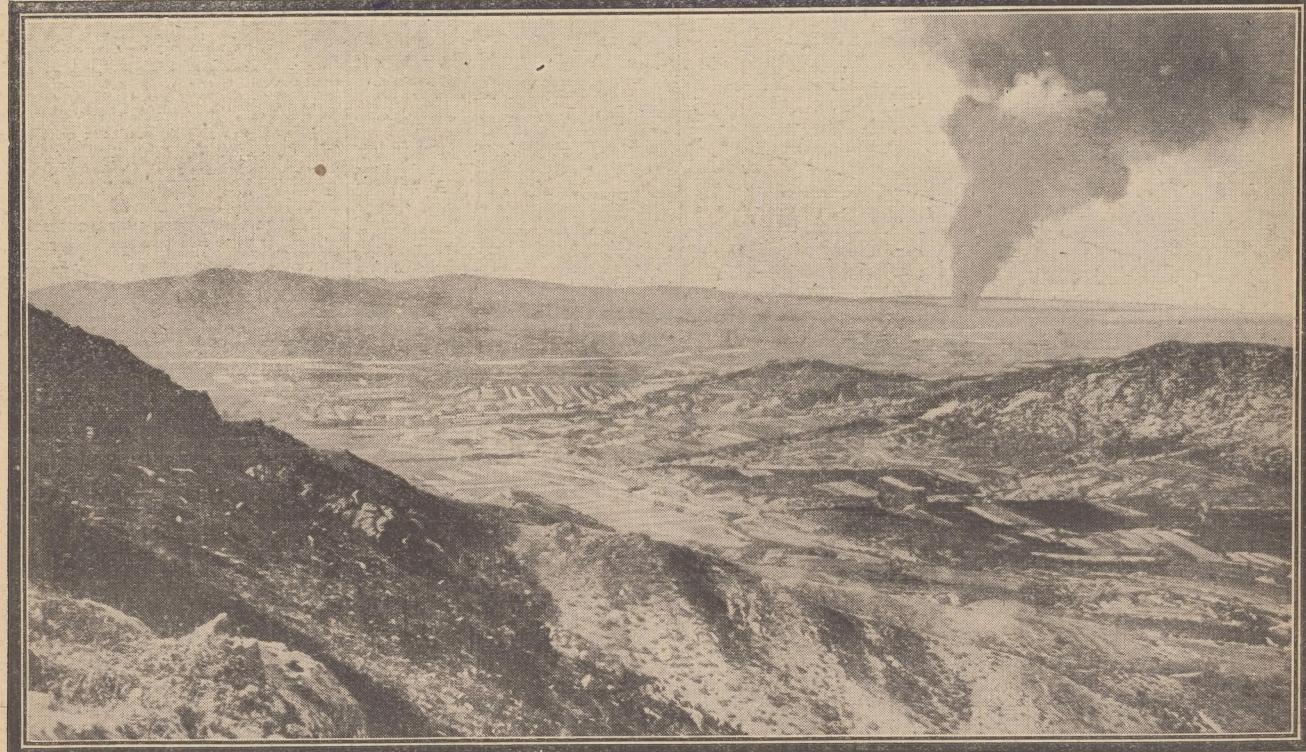
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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1914

One Halfpenny.

HOW THE JAPANESE TOOK TSINGTAU, WHICH THE KAISER
SAID WAS AS DEAR TO HIS HEART AS BERLIN.

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Tsingtau, Germany's Eastern city, set in flames by the Japanese and British heavy artillery.

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Japanese siege gun receiving order by telephone to open fire on Tsingtau.

These photographs illustrate the actual bombardment and fall of Tsingtau, the Eastern city which the Kaiser once said was as dear to his heart as Berlin. Before the Germans surrendered, Tsingtau had been set in flames by the terrible fire from the allied

Japanese and British artillery. Note the huge dimensions of a Japanese siege gun. These pieces of artillery are quite as powerful as any of the great howitzers which have been manufactured by Krupps for the German Army.

FOUR BURNED ALIVE IN SHOP FIRE.

Father and Three Children Perish in "Blazing Furnace."

LEAPS INTO A SHEET.

A father and three of his children were burned to death in a fire yesterday at a greengrocer's shop at East-street, Bromley, Kent.

The victims were:—

George Buckland, thirty-five.

Ernest Buckland, ten.

Elizabeth Buckland, six.

Albert Buckland, six months.

Mrs. Buckland and her sister Agnes, who was staying in the house, were injured. They jumped from the window into a sheet with the three other children.

Very pitiful was the fate of one of the children, who was seen in silhouette standing at a window. "The flames licked round him until my eyes were blurred," said a spectator afterwards.

FLAME-LICKED BOY AT WINDOW.

The fire was discovered at ten minutes to six by a postman. It started in the upper part of the shop, where Mr. Buckland and his family lived.

Finding their escape cut off, Mrs. Buckland, her sister Agnes, aged twenty-one, and the six children rushed to the windows and screamed for help. Nothing appears to have been seen of the father.

Mrs. Buckland, her sister and three children—Violet, aged nine; Norah, four; and Eileen, two—made perilous leaps from a second-floor window into the sheet which the firemen had prepared. A fireman stated that the escape was brought into action at one of the first-floor windows, where a little boy was seen.

He was dead when brought down, the lower part of his body being completely burned.

JUMPS INTO SHEET.

The interior, the fireman said, was blazing like a furnace, and three bodies were recovered from this part of the building. Whilst engaged in this a woman was seen at another window. Some postmen and others assisted in holding a sheet, into which the woman jumped with a child in her arms, but she struck the ground.

Another woman and two other children escaped in this manner.

Mrs. Buckland and her sister, the two women in question, were both injured by jumping from the window. Mrs. Buckland suffered a slight sprain of the ankle, and her sister a slight sprain of the wrist.

"All the curtains at the window where the little boy's face was caught fire, and he seemed to double up and disappear.

Then Mrs. Buckland, and some of her children came to the interior window. At the moment in the street held a sheet. Mrs. Buckland lifted the sheet and dropped it into the sheet. The other children then jumped, and Mrs. Buckland's sister also jumped from the window. Mrs. Buckland then jumped herself.

"They had all been screaming, 'Oh, save us if you can.' Mrs. Buckland, I think, was the last to leave the building."

"I heard Mr. Buckland, but I heard his voice. I think he was downstairs in the shop trying to put the flames out, and I believe he was suffocated there. They could not find him for some little time."

Mr. Robert Penfold said:

"I have just seen Mrs. Buckland in hospital.

She told me that she fetched her children to the window four or five times. Three of them fell back, and she never saw them any more."

FLAME-GIRT CHILD.

Another prominent tradesman, whose premises are exactly opposite the scene of the tragedy, said: "I was at the back of my shop at about 5.45, when I heard the most awful screaming."

"I saw a red glare, and when I got to the front there was a shocking spectacle."

"The curtains at the window where they were leaping from the upper windows, and at one of these there was silhouetted the figure of a little child, standing, as it were, on the window sill inside."

"The child seemed to be stunned, and I saw the flames licking round its body until my eyes blazed and I could see no more."

HAD ENOUGH OF THE WAR.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 22.—Yesterday four German soldiers passed the Dutch frontier at Ysendyke. They had left their troop and changed into civilian clothes. They stated that they had had enough of it.

During the whole of yesterday the sound of heavy gun-firing was heard at Oostburg.—Central News.

APPEAL TO HOGUE SURVIVORS.

Mrs. Hall, of 15, Canning-street, Kempston, Brighton, whose husband, Mr. Harry Hall, was lost in the Hogue, is anxious to hear from any survivors who could give her details of his last moments.

SAUSAGE FOR ALL.

"Geback" and "Pfefferkuchen" Sent to German Prisoners in England.

GIFTS FROM THE FATHERLAND.

German delicatessen of every kind are arriving in England in great quantities.

They are passing through the post in the form of Christmas hampers for the German prisoners of war, both military and civil, obliged to spend the festive season in this country.

During the past fortnight nearly 15,000 of these Christmas parcels have been dealt with, *The Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday at the head post office offices at Mount Pleasant.

This is what the relatives of one officer sent to him, and it is typical of many:—

Geback (pastries). Nuremberg honigkuchen (honey cake). Jar of Bismarck herrings. Brunsckirn cervelat (fine hard German sausage, which keeps well).

Paté de foie gras (Strassburg goose liver). Zungenwurst (tongue sausage). Knoblauch sausage (garlic sausage). Strassburg sausages (another type of sausage). Frussele leberwurst (liver sausage spiced with herbs).

Lachsleberkuchen (rolled ham with fat taken out and then round the fillet). Pfefferkuchen (gingerbread).

Zigarren (German cigars).

A bottle of hock and another of kummel.

But no parcel was complete without its several varieties of "Wurst" (sausage) or a "Bauernkuchen"—a German Christmas tree cake of very rich quality.

FAIRIES FIRST.

Andersen's Fantasies and "Robinson Crusoe" Head List of Schoolchildren's Favourites.

What books do children like best? This interesting question is answered in the London County Council Education Committee's review of books selected for prizes by children in elementary schools. In the fiction section "Andersen's Fairy Tales" and "Robinson Crusoe" hold the two first places, as have done for many years.

Next come the following books in the order named:—

"Tanglewood Tales," "Tom Brown's School-days," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," "The Heroes," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Water Babies."

"John Halifax, Gentleman," which was fourth on the list, last year, has dropped to thirty-third place. The general demand for this book is probably accounted for by the increasing extent to which it is read in the usual course of school reading. This applies also to many other children's classics.

Although large numbers of certain cheap editions of popular books have been requisitioned, the number of copies ordered of the more expensive editions has increased.

In the biography section, the lives of Nelson and Gordon continue to retain the first two places, but there is a decline in the demand. The demand for histories, somewhat greater than that for fiction, has increased in the demand for books on nature and science.

In the poetry and drama section the order of merit, according to the schools, is Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Scott. In the travel section "Captain Cook's Voyages" has displaced the abridged edition of "Shackleton in the Antarctic" at the head of the list.

MAJORS WHO MUST FACE THE FOE.

The Hungarian *Official Gazette* publishes a decree, says a Reuter special message, from Venice prescribing the attitude of the local authorities in the event of a Russian occupation of Hungarian territory.

The police are directed to remain at their posts, and to endeavor to keep the neighbourhood, while mayors, judges and notaries must remain during the whole period of occupation for the purpose of eventual negotiation with the enemy.

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CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

Snows of Switzerland and Riviera Sun Spots Have No Lure This Year,

OFF TO THE SEASIDE.

"We intend to spend Christmase at home."

That is the plan of most British people for the festive season of this memorable year of 1914.

It is significant of the mood of a nation up to the hilt in war, and bearing many an aching loss with proud fortitude.

There is no Continental rush.

"The Riviera, the Alps, Nice, Monte, Switzerland and Italy are not enticing holiday-makers today," *The Daily Mirror* was told by the secretary of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the tourist agents.

This is natural. A holiday crush to the Continent or anywhere out of England is not in accord with things at a time like the present.

Travelling conditions abroad just now are far from being good, indeed, many who always form a very large proportion of Christmas travellers abroad.

The uncertain state of affairs in Egypt, also, and in the racing of the casino at Monte Carlo are very important factors which mitigate against an exodus abroad.

A similar experience is reported by the manager of Dr. Henry S. Lunn, Ltd., the tourist agents.

"As a result of a canvass of our regular Swiss winter sports clients," he said, "we found that there was a decided demand for holiday arrangements in Switzerland."

So it is going to be Christmas in the home country for all except those brave men now fighting our battles on land and sea.

Within the country many Christmas excursions are being run almost everywhere, and the railway companies' bookings to seaside places are very good—German raids notwithstanding.

Many people, too, are now taking the "summer holidays" the outbreak of war deferred.

GUNS YIELD TO FLOWERS.

Dreadnoughts Full of Lovely Blossoms as Table Decoration.

Dreadnoughts will appear on many Christmas dinner tables as decorations.

They will, however, be very unwarlike Dreadnoughts, for they will be filled with orchids, lilacs and other flowers.

Large dinner-table battleships are sold at prices ranging from 10s. 6d. upwards. A battle cruiser filled with orchids can be ordered for 17s. 6d.

Quite large quantities of white lilac are now on the market, but scarlet schemes of flower decoration seem to be most popular this year.

A pretty table ornament displayed in a Bond-street shop shows out "Tommies" in the trenches, holding rifles through snow, and there are holly and mistletoe and a big red-cloaked Santa Claus behind, who has come with good gifts for the fighting men.

Common flowers are not cheap at present, and a cruiser full of orchids for 17s. 6d. seems less expensive than a dozen ordinary chrysanthemums at 2d. each.

MAN WHO MADE SIKHS WARRIORS.

A wonderful gathering of Indian warriors will take place at 2.45 p.m. to day at Caxton Hall, where a large body of convalescent Sikh soldiers will meet to join their co-religionists in and about London in celebrating the birthday of their Tenth Spiritual Leader, Sri Guru Govind Singh.

It is to this Guru that the Sikhs largely owe their reputation as warriors. He it was who introduced order and discipline among them, prescribed the uniform which they were bidden to wear day and night, equipped them with weapons, drilled them, and turned them into the Church-militants—the Khalsa, or "pure," he named it. Within a short time of his death the Sikhs had established a magnificent empire of their own in the Punjab.

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JOFFRE'S STRONG ADVANCE AS CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ALLIES

Germans Ousted from 1,500 Yards of Trenches in Violent Attack.

FOE'S OFFENSIVE MEETS WITH FAILURE.

Huns Now on Defensive Resist Desperately, but Still Lose Ground.

DASHING ALLIES NOT STOPPED BY BARBED WIRE.

General Joffre's Christmas present to the Allies seems to be on the way.

The French Commander-in-Chief is reported to have promised the expulsion of the Germans from France as a Yule-tide gift to his troops.

Strongly and steadily, amid bursts of violent fighting, Joffre is pushing forward his great line, and nearly everywhere the Germans are being driven back.

It is stated that the Allied advance began in earnest when German troops were sent to Poland. Good progress has been made, but a stronger resistance may be forthcoming when the Kaiser's troops get reinforcements. Numerous successes were reported in yesterday's French official communiqué.

VIOLENT ATTACKS BY HUNS ALL REPULSED.

Allies Cross Wire Entanglements and Seize German Trenches.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—The following communiqué was issued this evening:

North of Puissalencourt (south of Noyon) the enemy yesterday evening carried out violent counter attacks, all of which were repulsed. South of Varennes we gained a footing at Bourreilles.

Our attacks were continued to-day and appear to have secured our progress in Bourreilles and west of Vauquois.

No reports are yet to hand from the rest of the front.—Reuter.

ENEMY'S EARTHWORKS SEIZED.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:

Between the sea and the Lys there were only artillery duels yesterday.

From the Lys to the Aisne we repulsed a German attack which attempted to debouch from Aisne and, we capture some houses at Blaupy.

An attack by the enemy on Mameitz and the neighbouring trenches did not allow our troops to make appreciable progress in this direction.

In the region of Lihons three attacks by the enemy were repulsed.

We gained slightly to the east and to the west of Tracy-le-Val. Our artillery proved effective on the plateau of Nourvion.

In the sector of the Aisne and of Rheims there were only duels.

In the Champagne and in the Argonne around Soissons there was fierce bayonet fighting. We made no perceptible progress in this region.

At the approaches to Peronne les Haies we seized three German earthworks, representing a front of trenches 1,500 yards long.

To the north-east of Beausejour we consolidated the position we won on the 20th and occupied all the trenches bordering on the Le Calvaires ridge.

In the wood of La Grunie our progress continues. At St. Hubert we repulsed an attack. In the Bois de la Wood where some ground had been lost we recaptured the position and it.

Between the Argonne and the Meuse we made slight progress.

At the approaches to Vauquois to the north of the Malancourt Wood, our troops succeeded in crossing a wire entanglement and seizing the enemy's trench.

On the right bank of the Meuse, in the wood of Conde-sur-Meuse, we lost and then regained, after a fierce fight, the ground won by us on the 20th.—Central News.

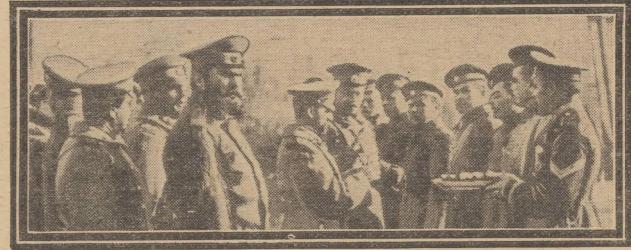
A BIG BITE FOR CHRISTMAS

PARIS, Dec. 21.—As the recent communiqués have shown, the fighting in France and Belgium has steadily been increasing in violence.

It is stated on excellent authority that a general offensive was taken in earnest three or four days ago.

Taking advantage of the fact that the best German troops had been transported to the Polish frontier, the Allies decided on a bold forward movement.

The Allies hitherto made exceedingly good progress, though they may expect to encounter more formidable resistance in a week's time, when the Germans are expected to bring back their reinforcements from the east.—Reuter.



Orders of St. George being handed out to brave Russian soldiers at the fortress of Svangovod by the commander and chiefs of the staff.

GRIM TALE OF MAN WITH THE CIGARS

Battlefield Drama of German Who Was Shot Before He Could "Say His Piece" to the French.

A grim little one-act drama of the battlefield, in which, apparently, a German soldier fancied he was a sort of Santa Claus or "Spirit of Kultur," is contained in the narrative of the French Eye-Witness.

"Monsieur Eye-Witness," whose account is communicated from Paris by Reuter, sets on record the following episode:

"On December 12 a German soldier advanced towards our trenches holding in one hand cigars and in the other a proclamation announcing his arrival.

He was not given any time to talk, for a well-placed bullet put an end to his overtures."

The French have a short, sharp way with wheeling Germans, as another instance shows:

"On December 10 at Bagatelle, a German officer who tried to induce some of our men to surrender was shot in the head."

The observations on the general situation are cheery. He says:

"After the costly and vain experiments of last month the enemy seems to have been reduced everywhere to a dead level, and it is now the French who are taking the offensive."

"In the artillery duels the Allies are showing their superiority more and more."

"At no point," he concluded, "have we abandoned what we gained, and everywhere the enemy has been obliged to resume a defensive attitude. This has confirmed our troops in the consciousness of their superiority."

"75'S SMASH 77'S."

The French "seventy-fives" (i.e., heavy artillery) are too good for the German "seventy-sevens." That is a point brought out in the account which tells of operations between December 7 and 15.

Between the sea and the Lys the enemy, who confined themselves between the 6th and the 9th inst., to bombarding the Allies' lines, and particularly Rumes, delivered three infantry attacks on the 10th against our trenches to the south of the town.

The first two were repulsed. In the third the Germans reached the first line trenches, but the French regained the position.

On the 14th the Allied infantry took the offensive. In spite of the sodden ground and machine gun fire, it succeeded in carrying German trenches

CANAL ADMIRAL'S HOPE.

"We Can Torpedo Every Ship Nearing Britain," Says Von Tirpitz.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The *Evening Sun* to-day publishes a two-column interview, granted by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz to Mr. von Wiegand, who recently obtained an interview with the German Crown Prince.

Admiral von Tirpitz declares that British arrogance caused the war, and that Germany will fight to a finish "if England wants it."

"England wants to starve us," he said, "but we can play the same game, and can both up and torpedo every ship nearing British harbours, thus cutting off her food supplies."

Asked whether preparations were being made for an invasion of England by Zeppelins, he replied: "I believe submarine warfare against the enemy's merchant ships will be more effective."—Central News.

BOYS TO DO THE FIGHTING.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 22.—A Suisse telegram to the *Hansettblad* states that the Germans continue to bring in reinforcements to the Belgian coast.

About 17,000 troops are now at Heyst, mostly guns of seventeen or eighteen. More guns and mitrailleuses have been posted at Heyst.

From to-day onwards no civilian will be allowed to leave Heyst on pain of death.—Reuter.

Captain Richard Grenville (Master of Kinloss) has been killed in action. He had twice previously been wounded.

RUSSIA'S NEW FRONT CHECKS GERMANS.

Tsar's Armies Withdrawn to More Formidable Battle Line in Poland.

DISMAY IN BERLIN.

Why the Tsar's Armies retreated in Poland is now explained by the Russian General Staff.

From this it appears that a formidable move was made by the Germans, and from other sources it seems that the Russians were threatened in the centre and on both flanks.

The Grand Duke Nicholas countered the German attack by taking up a new position nearer Warsaw which both shortened and strengthened his front. Thus, although the Russians retired, they maintained their lines unbroken, and are now in actually stronger positions.

WHY MOVE WAS MADE.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 21.—The Russian General Staff has issued the following announcement:

In view of the malicious information as to the situation of our armies and the statements of practice widely circulated during the last few days in Germany and Austria-Hungary, the Russian General Staff considers it its duty to inform the Russian Society of the action it has taken and of the inexactitude of the information about our forces.

The adoption by us of a more limited front is the result of the unfettered decision of the military authorities.

The late natural change of plan was caused by the concentration in front of us of very considerable German forces.

The decision, moreover, has other advantages of which it is, unfortunately, impossible for the moment to give explanations to the public owing to military reasons.

RUSSIANS TAKE MANY PRISONERS.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 22.—It is officially announced that on Monday on the left bank of the Vistula, between the Lower Vistula and the Pilica, a series of hard combats took place, especially in the region on the left bank of the River Pilica.

Nearly all the German attacks were repulsed with great loss.

The German forces which crossed the Bzoura, in the region of Zakzrew, were driven back

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Following last year's precedent, "The Daily Mirror" will not appear on Christmas Day. This will give the newsgagent a Christmas holiday. "The Daily Mirror" will appear as usual on Saturday morning (Boxing Day), and will contain the latest war news and photographs.

towards the river by means of a Russian counter attack, the enemy losing many killed and nine machine guns.

Between the Pilica and the Upper Vistula there is no change, except in the district of Skowronno, where the Austrians had crossed the River Nida were counter attacked and driven back on to the river by a bayonet charge, eighteen officers and more than 1,000 men surrendering.

Parts of the Przemysl garrison again attempted to make sorties in different directions, but they were everywhere repulsed with heavy loss towards their own fortifications.—Exchange

BERLIN AMAZED.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 22.—Messages from Berlin which have passed the German Censor now admit frankly that the development of the situation in Eastern Prussia constitutes a surprise for the German public."

A week ago the reports of both the German and the Austrian Headquarters Staffs asserted clearly that the Russian retreat had been practically ended, and that all the Russian armies were in full retreat, hotly pursued by the German and Austrian troops.

The news from the eastern front, which intimated that the Russian retreat had been arrested and that the Russians have once again taken up fortified positions, are totally opposed to the portions of the German and Austrian Headquarters Staffs, far from according to private information, that the Russians were compelled to make a general retreat in order to prevent the Germans breaking their centre.

They succeeded in retiring without losses, and now maintain their lines unbroken in strongly fortified new positions which had been prepared beforehand.—Central News.

NEW COMMANDER OF THE NORE.

It was officially stated last night that the King has approved the appointment of Admiral Sir George A. Callaghan, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., to Commander-in-Chief of the Nore, in succession to Admiral Sir Richard Poore, Bart., K.C.B., C.V.O.

LOST HAND.

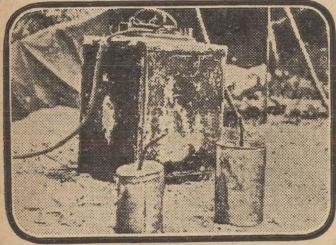
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This is Sergeant C. Graham, of the 5th Lancers, who has lost a hand while doing brilliant reconnaissance work. He has received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his brave work at the front.

NEVER WENT OFF.

P. 325 B



German land mine and two hand grenades which were taken by the Japanese when they captured Tsingtau.

LITTLE COLLECTORS.

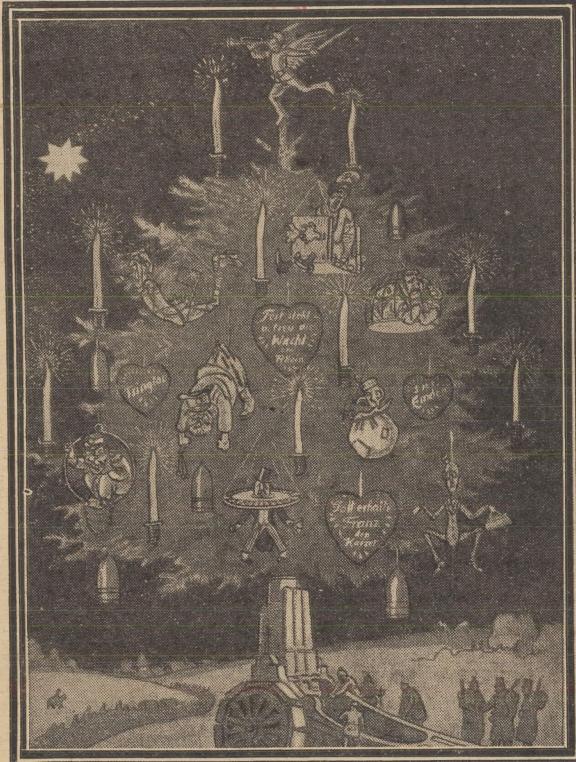
P. 11906 K



These little children are touring France in fancy costumes. They are collecting money to buy Christmas presents for French soldiers.

THE HUNS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

P. 393 V



This is German Michael's Christmas tree, as depicted in one of the Berlin papers. It is a genial sort of Christmas tree, and quite characteristic of the Huns' amiable imagination. All the candles are bayonets. England and Russia are strung up and France is in the stocks. Serbia is in a cage.

PRINCES AS SCOUTS.

P. 1984 D



H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Denmark (on right) and his brother as boy scouts in a Danish scout camp.



A Realistic
Double-page Drawing
OF THE
BOMBARDMENT
OF
SCARBOROUGH

will be found in the Christmas Number of the "War Illustrated," the well-known weekly pictorial record of the war. The same issue also contains a most striking section entitled

Civilisation's
Xmas Account
against the German
Barbarians

a remarkable pictorial presentation of the way in which the Germans have transgressed the Hague Convention by laying mines in neutral waters, by encouraging their soldiers to loot and pillage, by shooting non-combatants, by abusing the Red Cross, by shelling hospitals, by bombarding unfortified places.

125

Photographs and
Pictures in all.

2d.

Everywhere.



Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1914

FOUND OUT.

READERS of Hogg's "Life of Shelley" may remember a delightful story of the first conversation between the biographer and the poet in the hall of University College, Oxford. Hogg had asserted that there was no nation to be compared with the French for civilisation and culture—or words to that effect. Shelley was in an argumentative mood. Yes, he would have it, there is another race comparable in culture with the French. "What race?" "The German." And they argued about it for a long time.

It was only after the argument that Hogg discovered, to his amusement, that Shelley had never read a word of German: nor, for that matter, had Hogg. Both had been disputing about their ignorances.

It is the way, pardonably, with young men. They want to exercise their minds. The matter is of no consequence. But, perhaps less pardonably, it is the way also with older men. It seems at this moment to be the way with most of the men who before the war were always oppressing us with the superior efficiency of Dryasdust—of German books, German authorities, German culture as an instrument of education, or, at least, of reference. You could hardly open a book by one of our Higher Professors before the war without seeing upon the page innumerable citations of German scholars' previous labours in the field, and you were discouragingly informed that the only way to get a thorough grasp of it was to study the ten or twelve tomes of Herr von Kulturgeschichte of Heidelberg or Bonn. You never did study them, of course—hadn't time. Besides, you valued your eyesight too much to follow the Herr Professor's print. But, by not reading him, you acquired an enormous respect for him. It was so with hundreds of his class. They were not read. Therefore their reputation was for ever on the increase.

Suddenly it seems that all this has collapsed. This conception of culture has fallen to the earth, even as the blown bricks have fallen of Louvain, Malines, Ypres and Rheims. Herr von Kulturgeschichte has mobilised heavily in the character that Nietzsche always predicted he would some day turn out to have—a "pedantic barbarian," ignorant of love, careless of beauty, state-bound, state-enslaved, state-paid to put his disordered numerous facts at the service of brutality and bombs. As a result, behold, all our professors, our foot-note-nightmare learned ones, all are writing to the papers to explain that after all, on second thoughts, and when you come to think of it, Herr von Kulturgeschichte never really knew anything at all. His books are inaccurate. His notes are wrong. He read everything, but only to misread it. His history is history à l'usage du Dauphin—or rather of the Kronprinz. His philosophy is unintelligible. His ideas are borrowed. What he really believes in is—bang, bang! A blow and a bang...

Well, well, so that obsession is done with. We needn't worry about those notes. We can be learned without them. Thank goodness, in order to "know" about the lives of the Greeks and Romans, in order to follow the fortunes of Philip of Macedon, Agamemnon and Helen of Troy, we need not read Herr von Kulturgeschichte in ten volumes. Or was it twelve? W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Heseliden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Take the bitter with the sweet, the unknown with the known, as we all must do in life, unless we wish to live and die alone.—Kingsley.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"THEIR REPENTANCE."

THERE IS a faint hope that some day Germany as a whole may regret of her war mania and go through a period that she made the biggest blunder of her national life in the summer or 1914. But I am afraid there is really very little hope that Prussia will ever acknowledge her misdeeds.

People constantly tell us that at present Prussia and Germany are as one.

No doubt—during this uncertainty. But what many of us believe is that, in the event of failure, South Germany will come to see how Prussia has misled her. A. M. E.

TOO GOOD FOR IT.

IN REPLY to various persons who think typists should become general servants simply because

with an inscription to the effect that they were killed by the Germans, and that this was esteemed a "gallant" act by the Germans, whose squadron promptly fled on learning that it was pursued by the British? N. L. B.

THE NON-STOP OMNIBUS.

MAY I ASK in your valuable columns if any one can explain why in these days of crowds of shoppers on the streets and a shortage of omnibuses, as so many of the latter have gone to the war, why people should have to wait on the pavement at the proper regulation stopping places sometimes half an hour (which has been my unfortunate experience the last week), when half-empty omnibuses flash by and will not stop for passengers?

Most of the waiting ones are women, tired with shopping and standing in the keen wind.

HOW THE WILLIES CAN USE UP THEIR IRON CROSSES



Let Kaiser and Clown Prince get rid of some of their innumerable litter of iron crosses by decorating the German lie-manufacturers of the German State-enslaved Press. Surely that will be quite as good as giving them to the baby-murderers of the German Navy, or the cathedral-destroyers of the Hunnish army on land.—(By Mr. W. K. Heseliden.)

there is a scarcity of "generals," I beg to say that their remark is insulting to the majority of educated typists. Parents do not send their daughters to good schools and afterwards to commercial colleges because they wish them to become general servants. They strive to give us a position in life to improve our generation, and our nature will not allow us to go backward.

I have every respect for general servants, and know how to treat them, but hardly think they are equal to a typist as regards education. A typist in a respectable office is always treated with considerable respect, and although she obeys implicitly and keeps her place in the office she is not looked upon as an inferior person, whereas a servant is invariably looked down upon.

A SHORTHAND TYPIST.

THEIR "GALLANT" EXPLOIT.

THE "BEASTS'" latest exploit must never be forgotten. Cannot a memorial be erected in each of the bombarded towns bearing the names and ages of each of the women and child victims

I have great pity for the harassed omnibus conductor at this time of the year, and especially just now, when there are so many non-interest himself.

But attention should be called to those disconsolate conductors who in darkened London pause only a breathless instant, not long enough for an acrobat to mount on to the step, and dash off into the darkness.

WINTER EVENING.

Pale on the panes of the old hall
Gleams the long space
Between the sun and the squalid;
And in its face

Mournfully glimmers to the last:
Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.

Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light
Behind the cedar and the pine:
Come thundering night;
Blacker broad earth with boards of storm,
For me you valkyrie beckons warm.

—GEORGE MIRENDEN.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Comments from Our Readers on the Soldier's Christmas of This Year.

INVASION?

SOME of our men have been refused leave for Christmas on the ground of an invasion and the possible danger that requires a number of men at their posts.

Ought not this to make us realise that the Christmas of 1914 is no time for rejoicing and festivity? Your readers may think me a "killjoy," but still I cannot but think that we could do well to give ourselves entirely to the stern business we have in hand. If, read some of the letters written by your soldier correspondents, one would think really that there was no war at all, but that it was all a sort of game which it can do no harm to interrupt. Do not even they realise that we are the greatest nation in the world, and do not we struggle not for a sort of enlarged football match?

And so with many other people—especially with children—a suspension of Christmas eating and drinking would remind them better than number of the great task we are in the thick of. It is no time for mistletoe and holly. M. H. Kensington-square, S.W.

THE GUEST OF HONOUR.

THE GUEST of honour in every home on Christmas Day this year should be Tommies Atkins.

Thousands of soldiers are quartered all over the country, and many of them will not have an opportunity to go home.

Patriotic people are organising free concerts and meals—and all honour to them; but it is a pleasure to our hearts and homes the Tommy wants, and it is up to every family to see that he gets it. I am inviting two of them. MATER. Hounslow.

THE NUISANCE OF "WAITS."

LOOKING through your paper as usual on Monday I was pleased to see a comment upon the "waits," and quite agree with your correspondent "M. W. E." that in such a time as this they are very unwelcome.

While visiting friends this week-end, about half-past eleven on Sunday night, when everything was perfectly still, I heard the mournful strains of the "Mistletoe Bough" in the distance; the effect was horrible, and I could not help wondering how many aching hearts there must have been at that moment, not to forget sorrow for a while in that great consoler sleep, only to be tortured by these midnight wailers.

It would certainly be a charity if the authorities would put a stop to it; at any rate, for this year.

M. G. H.

LIGHTS OF LONDON.

LET YOUR correspondents remember that the authorities surely must be saving a great deal of money. Our electric light bill must be much smaller. Still, we as individuals suffer a certain amount in life and limb. In eyes especially. Personally, I find myself going blind gradually through the constant wailings on my way at night.

Never mind. The shortest day is past. Let us hope for spring—and victory.

R. N. Onslow-gardens, S.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

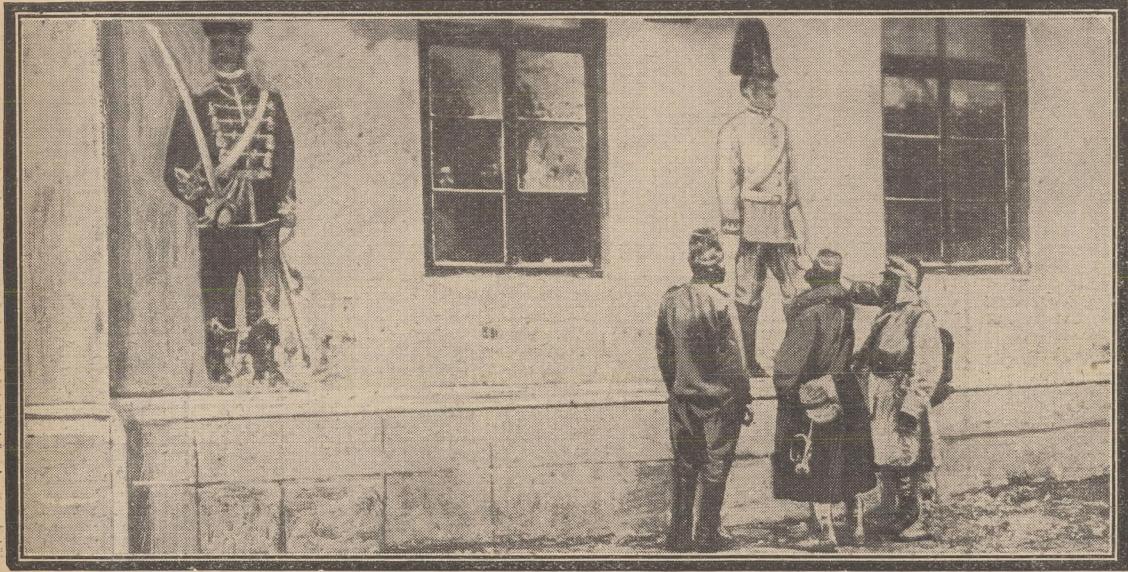
DEC. 22.—Holly must now be cut for Christmas decorations. A small branch taken out here and there will do the bushes no harm; indeed, a straggly tree may be made shapely. Holly is one of the most beautiful evergreens we can have in our garden. It makes a splendid screen that is delightful to look upon throughout the winter.

The best time to plant holly is in May. If the soil is well prepared and watering is carefully attended to, it will be found that this shrub is not as slow-growing as is generally supposed. It is best to start with small plants.

E. F. T.

TEACHING COSSACKS HOW TO SPOT AUSTRIANS.

9.11908 A



Explaining to Cossacks in Lemberg how they can recognise Austrian uniforms on the field.

9.11908 J



Russian peasant woman gives milk to a wounded Austrian.

Outside the Ferdinand Barracks in Lemberg the walls are covered with gigantic figures of Austrian soldiers, in their various military uniforms. The Cossacks come here, and are taught to recognise the different uni-



Bomb thrown from a German aeroplane into Warsaw.

forms. They are also taught to recognise the various German uniforms. There is really very little hatred between the Austrians and the Russians, and the Russian peasantry are kind to wounded Austrians.

JUMPED FROM FIRE.

P. 11900



Miss E. Buckland, who saved herself from the fatal fire at Bromley, in which four lives were lost, by jumping into a sheet. Miss Buckland was cashier in her father's ill-fated shop.

A LADY CAT.

P. 11904 P



Miss Pauline Prim as the "Cat" in "Cinderella" at the Aldwych Theatre. She is the only actress who impersonates animals.

THE FOOLISH TURKS.

9.11908 D



A great war demonstration at the Turkish War Office in Constantinople. The crowd are seen waiting for the arrival of the Sultan. Great enthusiasm was displayed for Turkey's last war in Europe.

FÜR

A beautiful ermine is becoming more and more popular with them...

COAT.

TAKING TSINGTAU: LAST HOUR'S BOMBARDMENT.



Firing the final shells into Tsingtau—a photograph of the bombardment just before the Germans surrendered.

P. 16401

91908 B



Lieutenant-General Kami receiving the Emperor's congratulations.

These remarkable photographs of the capture of Tsingtau by the victorious Japanese Army, assisted by a small British force, were taken by a Japanese photographer who was permitted to watch the actual fighting.

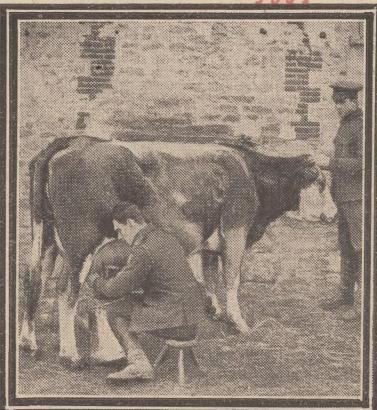


Japan's Red Cross tending the wounded near Tsingtau.

The top photograph shows how the last shells were poured into Tsingtau from the great Japanese batteries just before the Germans put up the white flag in token of surrender.

MILK FOR HIS TEA.

9331



Women's clothes are
coats are increasingly
ris; coat by Revillon,

A British "Tommy" at the front getting some milk for tea from a docile French cow. The British soldier will have milk with his afternoon tea, even when he is in the trenches.

MASTER KILLED.

P. 4640



Captain Richard Morgan Grenville (Master of Kinloss), 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, killed in action after being twice wounded.

WARWICK GIANTS.

P. 16800



The three senior officers of "D" Company 9th Royal Warwick Regiment. Left to right: Captain Coates, 6ft. 7in.; Major Fullerton, 5ft. 10in.; Lieutenant Leeke, 6ft. 5in.



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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADEUR.—At 8.15. Mats, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Miles, Armand, Delia, Sim, Mme. Hanako, Messrs. Playfair, Moreau, Hayman's Revue. ENDS.
Preceded by Miss Hanako in Okage.

APOLLO.—2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. W. REST IN A MESS AGE FROM MARS.
COMEDY.—Evening, 15. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Miss LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG 'Y MY HEART.
Special Xmas Matinee, Monday, Dec. 28, at 2.30.

DAVID.—Evening, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Weds., and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARD PRIES Production. A COUN' BY Y. Special Reduced Price.
DRYDEN.—Evening, 2.30 and 8.30. THE NIGHT at 2. Sharp, and 8.30. Daily, 1.30 and 7.30.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. BEAUTIFIED. George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis. Box-office, 2.30. Tel. 7. Gerard 2588.

GARRICK.—THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.
Boxing Day and onwards. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. THE DOLLY DOLLY and THE DOLLY DOLLY.
GLOBE.—OSCAR ASCH and LILY BRAYTON in MAMEENA. Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.

HAYMARKET.—2.30 and 8.30. THE DILEMMA.
ALLAN ALSTON, RAY ELLIS, JEFFREY GODFREY, TEARLE, Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., Fri. on 1s. to 7s. ed. HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—SHIRLEY AS PRODUCTION. DAVID COPPERFIELD.

KING'S.—THE DYNASTY, at 7 (subsequent evenings, at 8). Mat., Weds., and Sat., at 8. Herbert Tree, Evelyn Millard, KING'S.—At 2.30 and 8. Mats, Weds., Sat., 2.30.
THE DYNASTY, at 7 (subsequent evenings, at 8).
Mr. HARDY, Mr. BARKER.

LITTLE.—THE COCKYOLLY BIRD. Afternoon, only. 2.30. Commencing Dec. 26; 2nd year. A real children's play. THE DOLLY DOLLY and THE DOLLY DOLLY.
PLAYHOUSE.—Mr. SYRIL LEWIS, BOX DAY and Twice Daily, at 2 and 8. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLER.
Tues., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. THE DOLLY DOLLY and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat., 3. Preceded 2.30 by A Man of Ideas. SPECIAL XMAS MATINEES, Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Dec. 29, 30, 31, Jan. 2.

Other Amusements on page 11.

"BOTH ARE THE BEST"

"for me and mine!"—says the wise Housewife.

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THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is a very elastic one, when his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As he speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her toward him.

The girl is Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with a stolid, easy expression, dressed in a tuxedo. With a little effort of impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years she has been out of the country, having for a time

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married three years ago to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blinding operation. His life as a doctor is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain.

John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is a woman of practical sense. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it; she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come next to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the devotion is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

At the return to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an amazing letter from Valerie, in which she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what she has done. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £60,000 a year. Sylvia at once goes to the door and comes out to India. Valerie tells her that she must speak to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia bursts into the room where Valerie is and falls in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having been given a pension, they live at Greystones, a beautiful old family home. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane.

When he arrives he shows no recognition of Sylvia. His face is a mask.

THE AWAKENING PAST.

BARELY an hour later, Sylvia, her interview with the housekeeper over, saw from the window of her bedroom Stanhope Lane drive off in the mud-splashed car that had been waiting for him before the steps of the great establishment.

Gone, so soon . . . what poisoned seed had he sown in that brief interval!

She felt sick at heart at the sight of that sleek, bored head, that graceful lithe figure. Not even when Valerie had come to Napur, full of whip-like scorn and threats, had she felt so

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

supremely wretched. Valerie had been a woman, and her sister, and the enmity of a woman is more easily understood, more easily combated than that of a man . . . like Stanhope Lane.

As she turned back from the window she heard her husband's voice at the door. He came excitedly into the room.

"Valerie, are you here? Lane's gone. We've got an hour or two—let's explore the house!"

His tone was full of eagerness. Valerie rose. She saw at a glance that whatever Lane may have suspected, he had made no sign. It was not ill news that he had driven over so early to give.

"What do you think of the young man? He seems quite a good sort, this rival of yours, Valerie. Knows he's a rascal, too, judging from the way in which he dealt with the papers he brought over. He's been staying with the lands at Hailes Court—and had to run up to town. But he'll be with us in time for dinner!"

"I'm afraid I hardly feel competent to pronounce on your new acquisition," Sylvia said, smiling. "I'm not an optimist, as you are, Jack. Come, don't let us lose any time. There never was such an ideal date for exploring an old house with the wind whistling against the windows and the wind howling at the chimney!"

Certainly her spirits had risen amazingly in the access of her relief at Lane's going. She was reprieved—for these hours at least, she was reprieved—*free to enjoy Jack's nearness; his happy mood, his boyish eagerness to explore a child you have.* "I believe you've grown younger every day since we were married!" He slipped his hand under her arm in the familiar little caress she loved and pressed it against his side. "Valerie—if it's a go—if Marazoff brings it off! What a time we'll have, eh? With all the round world for our oyster. Heigh-ho!"

Laughing, she saw that the tanned face had grown a little pale. Every word, every look showed her all that he was building upon the coming interview with the great Russian occultist, and every word and every look filled her with fear—for him, and for herself.

"Dear, do you think me an awful ass?" he asked. "I'm like a child—own it, I can hardly bear to think of being called that if it's my master! For all alone, Valerie; it's not wholly selfishness. I want—ah, you can never know how much!—to make up for these lean, lonely years of ours . . . that were so near being wasted years . . ."

"Jack, don't speak like that! You make me ashamed!"

Blind as he was, he was aware of the change in her as she came nearer to him. He seemed to feel the warmth and light of her love for him leaping up in her like a flame.

"For me—oh, I want you to know this, to believe it and remember it always, whatever happens—that no man has ever given a woman more of happiness than you have given me in these wonderful months of our married life!"

"Dear heart," said Hillier, so inexpressibly touched by her words and the passionate sincerity that breathed in the low, broken voice that he could only stand there, holding her more closely to him.

She broke out again:

"For yourself, Jack, for yourself, I wish all your hopes, all your desires, to come true. I hope and pray from the bottom of my heart that this man may have the power to give back your sight to you, that you may take your own place in this new world. But for myself—for myself—"

The strain of the morning was telling on her now. There was a break of tears in the beautiful, yearning voice. She stood there with her face pressed against the rough frieze of his coat.

"But for myself—myself, blind! I wish with all my heart that your cousin had never died. That there was none of this wealth that is going to separate us. That we were back in India again—where I might be what I thought I would be—always, always, everything in the world to you, Jack. Light, and love and hope . . ."

"Hush!" said Hillier, positively agast at the outburst. "You mustn't say so utterly unexpected."

"And so you are—all the world to me, Valerie, and everyone will be. Why, dear, dear goose. What on earth's the matter? Why are you so silly?"

All a man's hopelessness in the face of the mystery of a woman's mood spoke in his voice. At heart Hillier was conscious of a little chill of disappointment; of something less exciting than disappointment—annoyance, at this inexplicable outburst.

He stood still a moment, miserable and silent. The silence spoke very intimately to Sylvia's woman's heart. For the moment her fear of losing him had shaken her like a living thing, and she was conscious of an almost physical sensation of weakness.

"I am a goose," she said, with an effort to control herself. "We're both most frightfully excited, Jack—you must expect the pains and penalties of having a wife who is bearing in love with you! Now for the house."

"Now for the house," said Hillier. "And, Valerie, listen—"

"Yes?"

"We're not grown up any longer, please. I understand it to be a date older than nine. You understand?"

She understood very well; understood as the dead Valerie could never have understood, this most delightful of games—that is sometimes "suppos and suppose," and sometimes "make-believe." But that is a game that calls for a live heart, and an imagination that is untrammelled by any lurking dread . . . a

game very hard to play for a woman whose heart is shaken by fear and a man who is blind.

"And I'm the remembrancer in this party, so speak," Hillier said. "I used to know the old house as well as the back of my hand. But not your eyes, Valerie."

They went out together into the softly-carpeted corridor, hand in hand, and all through the many rooms of the wide old house that were still sparsely furnished and filled with the accumulated treasures of centuries, Sylvia strove to play her part.

Strove with a fine courage that should be set to her credit, strove with a wonderful success.

In John Hillier's mind strange little creeping thoughts were stirring. Old memories were wakening uneasily to life.

After a time, however, this had Sylvia but known it, from the man who had sat in darkness and desolation on the veranda at Magalla, his sightless eyes strained across the ravine where the white ribbon of the road that had cost him so much in the making wound on across the face of the pass, beyond Napur to the frontier of India.

But the woman who loved him, blind as women who love so often and so strangely are, guessed nothing of this.

A VERY CURIOUS QUESTION.

BEFORE dinner, Hillier, who had come into his wife's room, repeated his eulogy of his new secretary. Stanhope Lane had arrived with his luggage about an hour and a half before, but Sylvia had not seen him.

"Joking apart, Valerie, I like that young Lane. He seems to be shaping remarkably well. I'm glad—in more ways than one—that when Hillier came in, paused in the adjustment of the delicate lace on her corsage and looked at her with a quick, frightened air.

"Why?" she asked a little breathlessly.

"Oh . . . " Hillier shrugged his shoulders faintly. "I refer to the one and only subject, if Marazoff thinks his operation possible, you'll be alone a good deal . . ."

"But I can scarcely scandalise Mrs. Grundy by choosing your young and good-looking secretary as my companion, Jack," Sylvia said.

There was laughter in her voice for the blind man to hear, but no laughter in the wide, grey

eyes that looked back at her from the reflection in the mirror. She was very pale, and the black gown she wore accentuated her pallor. She had changed her style of dressing her hair and wore it now as Valerie had been wont to wear hers, in a rather severe and classical style, close to the small head.

She had hoped to look older. As she scrutinised herself anxiously in the glass, even she herself was aware of her air of extreme, almost pathetic youth.

She strove with all the will power of which she was mistress to forget the ordeal that lay before her . . . to forget Stanhope Lane and the part he had played in her life in those days at the shop in Sloane-street.

She was no longer Sylvia Craven, the frightened child . . . she was John Hillier's wife.

Lane was waiting in the hall as the husband and wife came down the wide oak staircase. From his place before the fireplace, where the crackle and sparkle of logs had replaced the chattering and pestle of the fire, he stood up and set the picture that they made to him. That white-faced woman, whose skin shone like new ivory against the dusky shimmer of her gown, made, as she halted for a moment there, beside a blind man in the angle of the stair.

Her heart stood still. This morning in the dusk of the panelled room in that brief glimmer of him as he had drove away, she had hardly recognised the man whose presence had so familiar in the lace shop.

But now . . . his grace had something feline in it to her eyes. There was no doubt at all to his good looks, nor as to a subtle suggestion of evil that underlay them. Yet, with his dark, well-bred face and his lean, well-knit figure, Stanhope Lane looked—what he was not—

Again, as this morning when he had held the door open for her to pass out, there was no recognition in the dark eyes.

They stood for a few moments at the foot of the staircase talking.

"Marazoff is late," Hillier said. As he spoke Sylvia saw a servant bringing a telegram on a salver, and had a sudden curious twinge in which disappointment and hope were oddly blended.

"There's a wire, Jack," she said. "Perhaps he has been delayed."

"The best way to find out is to open it," Hillier said dryly. His nerves were on edge.

"Regret must postpone visit till the 20th—Marazoff," she read.

"It's a week off," Hillier's voice was absolutely expressionless. But Sylvia realised from his short laugh how intense his disappointment was. "Oh, well, we need not delay dinner until that date. Ragozin will be disappointed—I trust he has given us a very excellent meal."

(Continued on page 11.)

By Appointment to



His Majesty the King.

NESTLE'S MILK

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

Extract from "Daily Telegraph,"
Dec. 5, 1914: From the Front:

"The crying need is for milk. I don't see why Swiss Milk . . . should not be served out at least 2 or 3 times a week."

So if you want to save our soldiers from "MILKLESS TEA," send them some tins of NESTLE'S MILK.

"THE RICHEST IN CREAM"

BUT NOW

REDUCED IN PRICE

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

If any Canteen, Grocer, or Store is out of stock, please send a line to

NESTLE'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

Contractors to His Majesty's Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces.



A Popular Hostess.

A Christmas Eve's birthday which is to be celebrated to-morrow is that of Lady Coventry, one of the most popular of Worcester-shire hostesses. Her birthday party will be a quieter function than it is usually, year than it is usually, for, as a rule, Christmas Eve is the occasion of a very big family party at Croome Court, the Coventrys' place, a few miles outside Worcester. But this year there are Coventrys on active service who must be absent.

Sporting Stock.

Lady Coventry, like her sister, the late Lady Cadogan, whom she much resembles, comes of sporting stock. Another sister is Elizabeth Lady Wiltshire, called "the Queen of Merton" in the Shires, and she is as devoted to hunting as Lord Coventry, who, though seventy-six, is yet hale and hearty, as befits an old M.F.H., once one of the finest horsemen of the day, and still one of the best judges of horses in the kingdom.

Too Much Hospitality.

The Coventrys have ever been noted for hospitality, and the Lord Coventry who married one of the lovely Gunning sisters was so tired of a never-ending stream of uninvited guests at Croome, as the place was then called, that he proposed to build a "lodge," to which he could retire for peace and quiet, like George III's retreat, Kew Cottage. The idea came to nothing, and Croome continued to be an "inn" for the reception of guests all the week round. Incidentally this complaint shows how true to facts is the plot of "She Stoops to Conquer," some doubt having been thrown upon Goldsmith's rendering of the manners and customs of the period.

He Wanted to Fight.

When a man wants to fight it takes a lot to stop him. Take the case of a man of whom I heard yesterday. He was a young accountant who had been sent out to Chile by the firm of Deloitte, Plender and Griffiths. When he heard that war had broken out he decided to get back home as quickly as he could. To save the sea voyage round Cape Horn, a matter of many days, he crossed the Andes from Chile on a mule and reached the rail-head on the eastern side of South America. It is an arduous journey, but it saves time.

No Time Wasted.

Then he travelled by train to one of the eastern ports and took ship for England. He reached London on a Saturday morning, enlisted at once, and was drafted off to a camp that afternoon, and arrived at Colchester a soldier before nightfall. And then he was happy. That young man doesn't believe in wasting time. Good luck to him.

Bargains on the Riviera.

A Monte Carlo correspondent writes me that this season is likely to be known as "la saison des locations à bon marché"—"the season of cheap accommodation." Here are some typical instances of the special war tariff, which shows a substantial reduction on regular prices.

Rents Cut in Half.

There is a princely villa at Eze, famous for its pine woods and orange and lemon groves. It has a dozen bedrooms, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and servants' quarters. It possesses a beautiful Italian loggia and a glass-covered verandah, and its extensive grounds merge into a miniature pine forest, which stretches to the water's edge. Here there is a little port, with a boat, a full-sized tennis court, and accommodation for horses or motors. This ideal place, midway between Nice and Monte Carlo, has never been let for less than £800. This year it can be had for £400.

Some Are Cheaper Still.

A smaller villa, close to Lord Salisbury's property, La Bastide, at Beaulieu, has suffered even a greater reduction. It includes four best bedrooms, four servants' rooms, a large dining-room, a drawing-room, library, bath-room, garage and a fair-sized garden, and can be had till May 15 for £180. A handsome and elegantly furnished flat, overlooking the Casino gardens at "Monte," usually let for £200 for the season, can be obtained this year for £12 a month, or about £60 for the season!

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mario and Boulogne.

I had a little chat the other day with the "one and only" of the variety stage—Miss Marie Lloyd. How young and charming she is looking just now you will see by glancing at her latest photograph. She was very busy, too, writing out applications for passports and consulting railway time-tables, for Marie intended going to Boulogne to-day to sing some of her favourite songs to soldiers in France.

Miss Marie Lloyd.

Cannot Do Without French.

"Away with everything French, including the French words that have entered our language," is the Germans' cry to-day. It is rather ironic, in view of this, that one of the most coveted orders which a German soldier can receive has a French name—"Pour le Mérite." It looks as though merit were an imported article from France.

What the Kaiser Did.

I was talking Kaiser yesterday with an old friend whom I first met in Germany some fourteen years ago. We were wondering exactly what the Hanoverian attitude towards the Prussian King might be just now. When we were in Hanover together the Hanoverians seldom missed an opportunity of laughing at the self-claimed omnipotence of the Kaiser, and my friend recalled to me an incident that caused great amusement at the time.

Knew More Than Father Time.

It was in 1909, when, you will remember, there was a foolish sort of discussion going on everywhere apropos the end of the nineteenth century, as to whether the twentieth century began with the year 1900 or with 1910. Obviously it began with the latter year, just as the second century began with the year 101—you cannot have a second century till you have finished the first. But the Kaiser settled the question for all good Germans by "letting it be known" that he considered the twentieth century to begin with 1900. And so it was in Germany—the Kaiser was superior to Father Time.

French Barred.

Even at that time the agitation against the use of French words among Germans was going strong. The agitation was particularly directed against restaurant French, and some fierce and wonderful polysyllables were evolved to substitute the "à la" of the menu. And the word "menu," by the way, was strictly barred. It had to be "Speisekarte," or food card. "Diner" gave way to the natural "Abendessen," or evening eating, and "Dejeuner" figured on the "Speisekarte" as "Mittagessen."

A Coincidence.

A Harrow correspondent sends me a war coincidence in the form of a cutting from last year's "Harrow Directory." It reads thus:—

JUDGE, Fred Evans, 9, Warrington-road.
JURY, James, 257, Pinner-road.
KAI SER, Gustav, 8, Butler-avenue.

As my correspondent says, the Kaiser ought to be before the Judge and jury, and he hopes "ere long he will be." He will be, Messrs. Joffre, French and Jellicoe will see to that.

Football Booming.

We are beating those applicants everywhere. Yesterday we received twenty more footballs, and Lady Byron's promised fifty arrived—each with a cheery message for the recipient attached—and our total to-day stands at 581 footballs received. Only nineteen more now and we shall complete that sixth hundred.

What 600 Means.

Six hundred footballs! Has it ever occurred to you who have so generously contributed to that number exactly what that means to Mr. Atkins? Take an ordinary match in which twenty-two men participate. Six hundred footballs mean enjoyment and healthy pleasure for 13,200 men. But your footballs amuse more than twenty-two men each. I had a letter the other day from a soldier who said that they were playing their games with the football we sent him with double sides—twenty-two men instead of eleven aside.

Fun for 30,000 Soldiers.

In most cases the football goes to a company of 100 odd men, or to a platoon of half that number. So, to take a modest estimate, you may reckon that at least fifty men are made happy by each football. And fifty times six hundred amounts to 30,000. That is what 600 footballs mean to Mr. Atkins. Amusement and recreation for 30,000 soldiers.

Don't Let Us Stop.

Therefore, I am greedy. I don't want to stop at helping to provide amusement for 30,000 British "Tommies." So, when that sixth hundred is complete I propose we start on a seventh. I think we can do it, and "Tommy" who has hung back—many of them have—and delayed asking for a ball because he thought some other of his comrades needed one more than he, will be glad to know that the supply has not yet run out.

Some Gossip from Paris.

The Mont-des-Cats, near the Franco-Belgian frontier, is famous for two things: its Trappist monastery and its cheeses. Some time ago a party of French soldiers visited the monastery in the hope of sampling the cheeses made by the monks. My Paris gossip writes me. The good Father, slave of his vow of silence, gave them to understand that they were too late. When the Germans passed that way they took away all the cheeses.

Wouldn't Accept the Bargain.

It was in an engagement on the Mont-des-Cats that the Prince of Hesse received the wounds which proved fatal. He was hit by two English bullets, one in the stomach and another in the thigh. The Trappist monks attended to him. But the operation of laparotomy had to be performed, and the patient died. The Germans were so anxious to recover the body that they offered the Allied military authorities a heavy ransom. The Allies' commander replied:—"Set at liberty ten thousand of our prisoners, and you can have the prince's body." But the enemy did not accept the terms.

Drilling the Lady Hun.

Nothing appeals to our for the Hun so much as organisation, and whenever possible he organises something or other. The very latest idea in Berlin is to drill the women of Germany into war economy, and a society is being formed with branches throughout the country.

Thirteen K's.

It is called the "Thirteen K's," a title strongly reminiscent of the Kaiser's dictum that women should be interested in three K's—"kirche, kinder, kleider" (church, children and clothes). For war purposes the women of Germany are asked to:—

Eat "wurst," bread,
Cook potatoes in their jackets,
Buy no cakes,
Save all fat and dripping,
Remember stock-pot,

Always consider the "cooker book" and thus "help to win the war." Lectures are being held and leading feminists are giving hints to housewives how a little can be made to go a long way.

Why This Inconsistency?

She would have been accompanied by other well-known music-hall artists and such lights of the "legitimate" stage as Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. However, for some reason or other the authorities have said they would not grant permission for such a performance. This was strange enough, but stranger still, we had an "official" announcement yesterday that Mr. Seymour Hicks had been permitted to arrange a series of concerts at the front with a company of concert and musical comedy artists. Why this inconsistency?

The Soldiers' Loss.

The only people who are going to suffer from these absurd "official" whims and inconsistencies are our British Tommies. If there is one outstanding British artist on the British stage whom our soldiers love it is Marie Lloyd. They repeatedly mention her name in letters from the trenches. They know all her songs. I don't think these British Tommies will be pleased at being debarred from hearing the artist whom they call "our Marie" at Boulogne.

Sympathy from Brazil.

I want to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for £10 9d, collected among English, French and Brazilian readers in Rio de Janeiro (Brazil) for the benefit of the child victims of Louvain.

THE RAMBLER.

Quaker Oats Prize Competition

Accountants' Certificate of Awards.

All the 3,133 Prizes in the Quaker Oats Cash Prize Competition—which closed November 30th, 1914—have been duly awarded in accordance with the conditions, and the Winners of the 33 Principal Prizes were:—

£100 Mrs. Arnold, Swaffham.

£50 Miss Crooks, West Bridgford.

£25 Mr. Swinburne, Plymouth.

£10 each to Mr. Margarson, Swaffham. Mr. Snow, Newton Abbot. Mrs. Hayes, Brentford. Mr. Ball, Bristol. Mrs. Ilsley, Sunderland.

£5 each to Mrs. Sparkes, Woolwich. Miss Mawr, Weston-super-Mare. Mrs. Dawson, Sutton. Mrs. Boyne, Wakefield. Mr. Iles, Liverpool. Mrs. Beverley, Hull. Mrs. Harrison, Leicester. Mr. Brady, Old Windsor. Mrs. Silvester, Cardiff. Mr. Higham, St. Helens. Mr. Johnson, Ashton-under-Lyne. Mrs. Atha, York. Mrs. Browning, Alton. Mrs. Naish, Birmingham. Mrs. Shipton, Coventry. Mrs. Mace, Heaton Park. Mrs. Tay, London, W.C. Mr. Huxtable, Swanside. Mrs. Arson, Belvedere. Mrs. Fisher, Bedminster. Mr. Green, Reading. Mrs. Good, Hull. Mrs. Brown, Northampton. Mrs. Chappell, Cheadle. Miss Heppell, Exminster.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS,
30, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

We hereby certify that cheques for a total of £1,575 were posted to the 3,133 Prize Winners by Dec. 22nd, 1914.

(Signed)

HASKINS & SELLS,

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS.

As a Consolation Prize, everyone who cashed in and less than 20 White Squares will receive a Quaker Oats Cooker if they have not already had one from us since September, 1913.

Every lot of White Squares received has been most carefully counted and checked. Owing to the enormous number of competitors, it will be impossible now to look up and answer any enquiries respecting any particular lot.

QUAKER OATS, Ltd., FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

Wednesday, December 23, 1914.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

THE OVERSEAS DAILY MIRROR.

PRICE 3d.

Owing to the earlier closing of the mails this edition will be on sale To-morrow instead of Friday. Order early to avoid disappointment.

GERMANS' GREAT GUNS IN A DEADLY DUEL WITH RUSSIAN BATTERIES.

4.566 A

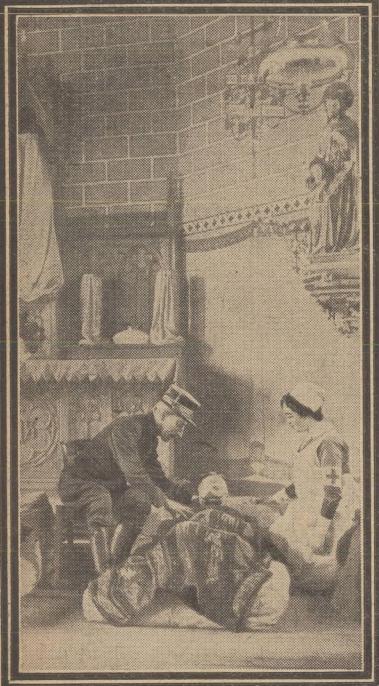


This is one of the huge howitzer batteries attached to Marshal von Hindenburg's army in the East firing upon the Russian artillery in one of the fiercest engage-

ments which took place in the neighbourhood of Lodz. Long and deadly artillery duels have been a feature of the terrible war in the eastern campaign.

CHURCH AS A HOSPITAL.

4.11910 4



Regimental doctor attending to a wounded Belgian soldier. The church has been converted into a hospital and the altar can be seen in the background.

BRITISH AIRMEN'S ESCAPE.

P.16800



Commander Sheddon and his mechanic (wearing overcoat), after their arrival at Rotterdam. They were picked up some distance out to sea by a steamer. They refused to be taken to the port if they were to be interned.

WOUNDED MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

4.11910 V



Nurse decorates a hospital wall in Northern France. The holly gives a "Christmasy" air to the ward, which the wounded men greatly appreciate.

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